



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 4.

### POPULAR TALES.

#### FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Continued.)

#### NO. VII.

My name was Robert Kidd,  
And God's laws I did forbid,  
And thus wickedly I did—as I sin'd.

The appearance of the sky indicated one of those autumnal storms which render navigation dangerous on the coasts of New-England, when a ship of a size and appearance more large and imposing than was usually seen in those waters, was crossing Long-Island Sound, and making for Gardiner's Bay. She came round the point, and anchored under the land, as near the shore as was safe, in a place so sheltered by the woods and the projection of land towards the sand-bar, as not to be readily seen from the Sound. Two boats put off from the vessel, one of which steered towards the southern part of the bay, and the other directly for the shore. This last was filled with men who repaired to a rude cabin, which stood in the edge of the wood, not far from the water. Here they made preparations for spending the night, by kindling a fire, and bringing into the hut refreshments, and several other articles from the boat.

The night which had now set in, soon became pitchy dark, and the storm, which had been foreseen began with violence. The hut was dry, and derived an air of comfort from the tempest that raged without, and the fire that blazed within. A light was kept burning at a small window, to direct the return of the other boat through the darkness, and a guard placed at the door; while the rest of the men reposed themselves around the sides of the room, except one—who appeared to exercise unlimited authority. He sometimes seated himself—sometimes stood alone by the fire, and sometimes walked back and forth in the room. He was a muscular and strong built man, of a morose look and foreign air.

His dress was rich with lace, and somewhat resembled a British naval uniform. He had a

pair of large silver mounted pistols, and a heavy eastern sabre at his side. He listened now and then till he could distinguish the dash of oars in the pauses of the storm.

‘Douse the glim there, Dardy Mullins! Off with these cutter's men to the ship, and back by daylight. Tell Watson to keep his eye on the prisoner, for we are close on shore; look out, for if any body deserts, you shall walk the plank.’

At this moment the door opened, and a man entered, armed like the other, except that instead of pistols, he wore a carbine or arquebus, with a spring bayonet. The water was pouring from the spout of his three cornered hat, and his black beard grew so high on his face, and so near the fell of uncombed hair above, that his eyes looked like those of a Newfoundland dog, though far less prepossessing. He was followed by six or seven men of a very motley, or weather-beaten appearance.

‘Bolton,’ continued the first speaker, ‘what does he say? Can I have provision enough for another cruise?’

‘Wait till I get the water out of my eyes, and I'll tell you.’

So saying, he poured a liberal allowance of brandy into a tumbler, and drank it undiluted. The commander seconded the motion, as he called it; and then handed it to the sailors, who drank *extempore* from the neck of the bottle. Their conversation, though it throws some light on after circumstances, was not such as should be published in the Fort Braddock MS. We learn from it, however, that Lord Bellamont was about entering on the duties of governor, both of Massachusetts and New-York—that Gardiner's Bay was the commander's only place of safety—that he had a commission from the board of admiralty, and sailing orders from Lord Bellamont himself.

‘Strain every nerve to get to sea again,’ said Kidd, ‘and immediately, with provision for a long voyage. Kill Gardiner's cattle and pay him—one day, rain or shine, is all I ask—the Earl of Bellamont is himself suspected of assisting us, and his enemies have urged the colonies

to prove their suspected loyalty by bringing my head.—There is a provincial sloop of war under one Dudley, that may suspect our haunt, and seek, in this very storm, this infernal tempting harbour.'

'Why, then,' said Bolton, 'did you come here?'

'Did you never know why I often come here? This island belongs to no state or province, and is embraced in no patent, but is holden directly from king William, like the Isle of Wight; and it belongs to the family of the Gardiners, in which it is entailed, with no law or responsibility but to the king, who doesn't know whether it is in the East Indies or West. There is on it but a single family and its laborers, and we have them always under our controul. They can send for no militia, and claim no assistance; the dead peace of the spot is disturbed only by us. Here are wood, water and provisions, at our own price, and more security in these regions than is to be found elsewhere.'

'Then why not stay,' said Bolton, 'the very expense of pursuit, will sicken the plantations; and they have Indians enough to look out for on shore, without chasing pirates at sea.'

'Do you not notice, (said the captain) among the prisoners we took in the *Quedah*, a Frenchman that seemed a passenger from the East Indies? I seldom see a man but I remember him again. 'Tis more than twenty years ago that I knew that man in New-York, as they call it now. He was an officer in the French service, when I traded from that port with the Buccaneers. He had a wife with him, I think; any how, he was much respected; his connexions are every where, and if he should escape, then Robert Kidd sails no more. Depend on't there's danger. Fifty of my men deserted at St. Mary's when we burnt the Adventurer, and went on board the Mocha Pirate. Do you see, Bolton?'

Bolton looked him full in the face, and laying his hand on the steel hilt of his Turkish scimitar, said, 'Moore lies quietly on Black Point, and though his money is within reach of his arm he can't mutter where it is.'

'I know, (was the reply;) but this man can pay a ransom; he shall neither die here, nor escape.'

'Then (said Bolton) I agree that we must put to sea. Hark! how the wind blows! how the arms of these old oak trees swing and creak; Blow high or low, we'll be ready to-morrow night. Its now W. N. W.; it will clear off in the S. W. in a day or two; let's see, the moon changes to-morrow. What's become of that bottle? The eastern nations understand weather better than we do; no wonder with their monsoons and tornadoes. Thunder and lightning! here an't half a drink! Molucca, (said he to a short brown coloured fellow,) Ar-rack! (The boy looked for another bottle.) And put some straw near the fire—there, that will do—not so close; if I burn up, I'll torment you forever?'

So saying he took his laudanum, as he called it—unbelted his sword which he drew and placed at his head—and threw himself on the straw.

'Thank heaven, I am tir'd, (said he, looking at Captain Kidd, more in earnest than in jest,) how much hard labor it takes to supply the little place of a quiet conscience. I shall sleep, though, whatever I may dream.'

There is not in the whole compass of nature's music, a sound more soothing than the rushing of a heavy rain upon a tight roof just over one's drowsy head.

It seems to force upon the mind a strong conviction of comfort, and to excite feelings of gratitude for the shelter we enjoy, mixed with a slight and painful touch of pity, for the unknown but possible exposure of others. When this lullaby is joined by the chorus of waters lashed by the wind and dashed at intervals on the shore, the sense of personal safety, and the contrasted images of peril by sea, serve only to heighten this pensive pleasure. But to enjoy the beauties or the music of nature, *innocence* is necessary. Eden faded from the eyes of our first parents, and though the spot be left, it will never be found again by their short-sighted and sinful posterity.

The next morning the storm continued, as was expected; the boats put off from the ship to the shore, and the captain set out in his barge for the south part of the island, where the mansion house has always stood. He landed, notwithstanding the rain, in a sort of naval style; left a trusty man with the boat, and sent another forward to announce his approach. The rest followed him towards the house at a respectful distance, fully armed and with military precision. They paraded before the door, till they had leave to retire to the kitchen, and Kidd himself entered the house.

This was by no means his first visit. Mr. Gardiner, commonly called Lord Gardiner, from his being an immediate tenant of the crown, and having a separate charter or patent, which granted him certain royal privileges on his own territory, received him with civility, though with embarrassment. He knew that he sailed at first with a commission from the British Admiralty, and more than suspected the use he made of it. Kidd knew all this, but acted as if he wore king William's commission—and would resent any suspicion to the contrary. He mentioned the urgency of the service on which he was sent;—and spoke of recent orders from the admiralty. He brought some presents for Mrs. Gardiner and children, and politely requested her to retire, that he might have a moment's conversation with her husband.

In this interview he made a memorandum of the provisions he wanted, which he carried out at his own prices; and after footing it up, paid the money down and added, that it must be delivered by sunrise the next morning at the fisher's hut, for he dared not trust his men on the island, for fear of desertion. He regret-

ted that the weather was such that he could not entertain his friends on board—dropped a word or two about his men and guns, and politely took his leave. No military contribution was ever levied with more particularity. The Quedah was watered and supplied with provisions and vegetables for a cruise; the plan of which Kidd had contrived, but the success of which he could not foresee.

#### NO. VIII.

The weather on the third day was fair, and the wind favorable. The ship was under weigh, and the spars whitened with canvass at a single order. The proprietor of the Island saw her with pleasure, when she doubled the point to get out of the bay, and put before the wind in the direction of Montaug.

The infant trade of the colonies, and indeed all the navigation of the coast, had been endangered by other pirates besides this noted freebooter. Barbarous cruelties, and some *shocking and unprovoked* murders upon the neighboring seas, had been committed, and the colonies, particularly Massachusetts, had fitted out a few vessels to protect their trade, and, if possible, capture the pirates. Dudley, who was considered an officer of much promise, had been lately promoted to the command of the *Martyr* sloop of war, and sent on this service. He had obtained an accurate description of the Quedah, and overhauled every sail he saw, in hopes of falling in with this noted pirate. Kidd was still in sight of land, when he made out the *Martyr*, and bore down for her, in expectation of finding a merchant vessel. He was soon undeceived by her size and appearance, and most of all, by her standing directly for him, though the wind was in the wrong quarter. He called to Bolton—‘What say—shall we fight for the fun of it, when there’s nothing to get? There’s nothing but Spartan coin, by the looks—there’s no glory to be got. That fellow,’ pointing to the vessel, ‘would be afraid to run. Damn it, Bolton, I dare do any thing, fight or run;—what say?’

‘Just as your stomach is,’ said Bolton, shipping a large quid of pigtail aboard his mouth, ‘but in three hours sailing, you’ll be overhauled.’

‘Quarters, then,—beat to quarters; but pack all sail, put her before the wind. Helm a-port—steady there, hold her at that.’ A few gratuitous curses, by way of emphasis, garnished the order.

Discipline was Kidd’s creed, and he supposed it was brought about only in one method. The cat o’ nine tails had been freely used that very morning; the yard arm was handy, and the plank lay in the gangway, ready at a word to be run out from the vessel’s side. At every springing of this dreadful trap, a living corpse was heard to plunge, and cries for help, come with the wind, till the speed of the ship left them behind.

Kidd now put his crew to every various and rapid service, which is suddenly required in preparing for flight and battle at the same time.

Different orders were given in the same breath, which were sometimes misunderstood, and sometimes, to his critical eye, too slightly and negligently executed. His orders had at first some few words of intelligible English, mixed here and there among his oaths; but he soon confined himself to his vocabulary of profanity, which he fairly exhausted more than once in French, Dutch and English. He soon saw that a battle was inevitable; for the Quedah from a long voyage, was not in so good sailing order as the vessel in pursuit, which was fast coming up.

‘I did not care enough whether I fought or run, to make up my mind about it,’ said he to Bolton, as he suddenly assumed an air of perfect composure, ‘but I think we shall be saved the trouble of a council of war on that point. We must take in sail and clear for action, after the men have had their fighting rations. Let the Quarter Master bring some this way, that I may have a word over a social glass with you Mr. Bolton. I like this chance of a battle, if it was only as an apology for drinking; though you may say I’m not difficult about excuses. But, Bolton, to be serious, we must be prepared, you know, for the worst; and be the chance of our being taken what it may, there shall be none of our being betrayed.’

A conversation succeeded in a tone low, but earnest in which nothing could be distinguished, except at intervals, such words—the prisoner—the plank—he knows all and it can’t be helped—dead men tell no tales, &c.

The result was soon known. Without ceremony, or even a public declaration of the design, a few men were despatched for the unhappy object of Kidd’s suspicions, who brought the victim upon deck, struggling and reluctant, with his eyes bound, though his hands were free. He was led along the plank, which projected over the side at the gangway, and which was cut from its slight lashing, so that he dropped in the water, and was left in the wake of the vessel.

There was carelessly seated on the deck of the *Martyr*, a young, and what ladies would call a handsome looking man, with a spy glass in his hand, which he happened at this moment to apply to his eye. I cannot stop, as the manner of some is, to tell how he looked, how his hat had fallen from his head, and left it with no other covering than thick dark curls of chesnut hair, which the wind stirred from his high fair forehead, nor of the form that graced the rude ground-work of the quarter deck. I must be, if possible, as rapid in my narration, as he was in his action, when his accidental glance, assisted by the spy glass, rested on that sight of horror which I have just described. The fair readers of this time-worn manuscript must pardon me, if I leave them to conjecture how he looked, when he sprang on his feet and with a freedom of language which in those pure days, even the profession of a seaman did not allow, exclaimed, ‘Good God! they’ve murdered a man—away, there, to his help!’

The hoarse voice of the boatswain was heard above the busy hum of the ship's crew 'away, there—you first cutters, away!' and the hint was taken by the boat's crew, who, headed by an officer, were over the vessel's side, and seated at their own oars with the activity of a flock of Mother Cary's chickens.

The speed of manual exertion is no where shown to more advantage, than on board a vessel of war.

'Pull, pull,' said the officer, as he stood in the stern with the tiller in his hand. A shot from the Quedah went so near his head, that he could tell from the scream that there was a flaw in the bullet. 'Ah we shall engage in a minute—pull, pull away.'

The men sprang to their oars for the floating victim. The long ridges of the ocean wave were dashing over him, and in his drowning ears, 'deep answered unto deep.' He had pulled the bandage from his eyes, and it now hung loose about his neck, so that he saw the effort for his relief, and was struggling with the exertion of a spent swimmer to whom hope had given preternatural power, when the barge was sweeping by him, and the man in the bow caught the handkerchief round his neck with a boat hook. The oars stopped, and the boat, with the body along side, drove through the water with the headway already acquired. The man was exhausted and lifeless to all appearance, when they took him on board and put about for the ship. By this time, the vessels were so near, that some shots had already been exchanged, and an engagement was certain.

It is said that the silent moment, before the 'grim ridges of war' join in the conflict, is dreadful; and occasion has been taken, by the great captains of antiquity, to address their armies in speeches

'On the rough edge of battle ere it joined; and this practice, as to the length of the speeches, has been improved upon in modern times, as indeed all sorts of speech-making has been.'

Upon this occasion the prefatory words were few and unpremeditated.

'Bolton,' said Kidd, 'we must fight, but he'll be sorry, for damn him, if he had been worth taking, I'd have done it an hour ago. Haul up the courses and bring her to. My boys, we must sink her directly. We can't be taken—that's out of the question. Those of you, who'd rather die like heroes than be hung for pirates at Execution Dock, let's know by three cheers.' Three cheers were given, and the ship was ready for action.

The Martyr, now certain of bringing her adversary to action, was holding on under full sail. The commander had directed a shot or two to ascertain the distance, till he saw the move of the Quedah for action, when he gave the order, to call all hands. At the shrill whistle of the boatswain, the deck was filled with men, who came, some from aloft, and some from below. The officer stepped forward and inclined

his head,—every hat was off, and every eye on him.

'My lads,' said he, 'I shall keep you but a moment from your duty. See that inhuman wretch—'tis Robert Kidd, the devil has deserted him at last, and Providence has delivered him into our hands—the victory is our's. Now to your quarters and wait the word.'

'Where shall I lay her?' said the sailing-master.

'Oh! Mr. Cochlin,' said Dudley, 'I forgot that; lay her along side, at a pistol shot. Mr. Endicott, be ready to lead away the boarders.'

The sides of the Quedah had smoked and blazed with repeated discharges of her guns, which did some damage before Dudley neared his distance, and gave the word to fire. Both ships were instantly involved in smoke. The distance was so small, that musketry was used from the tops and the decks of both vessels. Few battles have been more desperately fought. Dudley was resolved to capture, and Kidd, not to be taken. The Martyr was constantly nearing the Quedah; till the fluke of her anchor caught in one of the Quedah's port-holes, and Dudley sprang forward, calling on the boarders, and heading them himself. To gain the Quedah's deck would have been no easy matter; but it happened that Kidd had been stunned by a splinter, and Bolton was killed out-right.

The boarders cleared the decks of the pirate. They were found slippery with blood, and strewed with the dead and the dying. The men ceased to fight when Kidd fell, for they apprehended little danger from capture, as many of them had been compelled into the pirate's service, and wished an opportunity to leave it. This was understood, and they experienced as kind treatment as they hoped for. The Martyr was dreadfully injured, and lost many of her men; but the Quedah was sinking.

The prisoners, with every thing valuable which could be removed, were immediately conveyed to the other ship, which lay along side. Dudley gave orders to fall off, leaving a boat's crew to set fire to the prize, and leave her. Kidd, who had been brought to, was conveyed, with the survivors of his crew, on board the Martyr; strict attention was paid to the wounded of both parties; the sloop of war repaired as well as possible for immediate sailing; and the sad service of burying the dead, at which the captain is always present, Dudley deferred to the next day, in hope that he might possibly arrive in port before that mournful office would be necessary.

#### NO. IX.

'By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,  
And the hand that steers is not of this world.'

We resume that part of the tale which relates to Dudley and Kidd.

The last boat had now left the Quedah in haste, after setting her on fire and leaving none on board but the dead. They had scarcely joined the Martyr, when a fresh breeze sprung up

from the southward, and drove the Quedah before the wind, wrapped in deep red flames, in the same direction with the victor ship, and apparently in pursuit. A current of air was raised by the heat which made her gain in this singular chase. Her sails and rigging which had not been shot away, were all set and standing, and the quick flames all fed by tar and pitch, ran along her cordage and leaped to the very top-gallant head, while the ship was yet above water and under full headway ; as though the dead men which were on board of her had awakened with new life, and sprung to their duty.

This appearance, as she held onward wrapped in smoke and blaze, added to her character as a pirate, was a spectacle to the crowded deck of the *Martyr*, where some viewed it as sublime, and some as portentous and supernatural.

The spectacle was long after recorded among the marvels, and gave rise to the tale of the *Ghost Ship or Flying Dutchman*, which was manned with spectres, and with all her canvass spread, sailed rapidly in a gale against the wind. It was necessary for the *Martyr* to bear away for fear of being run down by this dreadful fire-ship.

The prisoner of Kidd who had been so providentially saved from drowning, excited very strongly the sympathy of Captain Dudley.

‘Were it not for the war with France, (said he, addressing the stranger) you should on our arrival at Boston be set immediately at liberty ; but under existing circumstances, though the rescued prisoner of a pirate, you are still in my hands a prisoner of war, and your parole of honour is the only indulgence I can give you.’

Dubourg, for that was his name, thanked his deliverer with a deep feeling of gratitude and expressed a desire to continue under his protection.

‘I fear (said Dudley) we shall find it impossible. My services on the water after the capture of Kidd, will no longer be required. My character in this new settlement (said he with a smile) is rather amphibious ; and I shall, soon after my arrival, be despatched on a long and fatiguing land service to the borders of Lake Champlain, where the French and Indians on the frontier, threaten to disturb and destroy the New-England settlements.’

‘If that be your destination, (said the stranger) I will gladly follow you ; strange as it may seem, my business is to visit that very spot. There, in younger life, on the western shore of that lake, was I stationed as an officer in Le Gendre’s regiment, before I was ordered on other service. There I lost my wife, and left my only daughter. She was then an infant, and now, if living, a woman. I know where and with whom I left her. I have regularly heard from her, and I can find the very spot of her abode, after an absence of twenty years. I am (added he) a man of property, and if I find my daughter, shall be-

come a citizen of that country where I spent my happiest days.’

Dudley made the proposal that Dubourg should be his company across the country, and march with the troops which were to be in readiness at Tantiusque, near the northern line of the colony, to which place Dudley would repair with him, after representing his case to the Governor of the Massachusetts colony, discharging his crew, and settling his concerns as commander of the *Martyr*.

On their arrival at Boston, the news of the capture of the pirate was soon spread ; witnesses were summoned, Dudley among the rest—and even the peaceful inhabitants of Gardiner’s Island, to attend the public examination of Kidd, who was on this preliminary proof, sent home to England for trial ; where, after an examination by the House of Commons he terminated his voyages as recorded in the Newgate calender, and in the ballad of which he was the hero,

‘At Execution Dock, as he sail’d.’

Meanwhile the provincial troops, in this instance principally from Massachusetts, though aided by Connecticut and Rhode-Island, had taken up their line of march, and with their military ‘furnishments,’ accomplished a journey of difficulty, thro’ a country unsettled and but little known, and encamped in safety on the eastern shore of Champlain. They were strongly posted to defend the country against an expected inroad from the French and hostile Indians.

Dubourg was anxious for the safety of his daughter, and obtained from Dudley permission to cross the lake with a party of men, to convey her and the family in which she lived, out of the immediate neighbourhood of Indian hostilities, which were at this time more rife on the New-York side. As soon as he discovered their residence, he spent little time even in expressing his joy, but hurried their departure from a place of peril. He had reason to be thankful for his expeditious course ; for on the night following, a detachment from the Iroquois came upon the plantation and finding it deserted, laid the whole in ashes.

The New-England troops were disposed in barracks and huts of their own construction, and as they had chosen a commanding place, which they meant to fortify strongly, they erected some small log houses, in one of which Dudley lived with Dubourg and the inmates of the removed family. The troops were well disciplined, and inured to this sort of peril and warfare. They kept by night and day the strictest watch against their northern enemies of every character, by land or water.

It was after the regular arrangement of military duty, that a sentinel at his post near the shore of the lake, where it indented the land with a little shady bay, indistinctly discerned the figures of two men. He stood waiting their approach to a short distance before he should hail. One he saw was an Indian—the

other was dressed in tattered clothes, and doubtless was a spy—and how many more might be in the woods behind them he could only imagine. He edged towards the side of a large tree, and cocked his gun as he cried, 'Who goes there?'

'Friends?'

'Friends, stand, don't advance,' said the sentinel in alarm; then straining his voice to the utmost, he called Du-tha-n, dwelling on the last syllable like a village matron calling her suckling children, or a militia colonel on a regimental day calls 'atten-tion the whole.'

Corporal Jeduthan Banks, of Marblehead had just incurred the severities of the martial law, by stretching his martial length and 'reposing his weary virtue' at the foot of an oak tree, and had just mentally joined in Sancho's benison upon the 'man who first invented this selfsame thing called sleep,' when he was roused by the unwelcome cry of his companion in arms.

—<sup>4</sup> As when men wont to watch  
On duty, found sleeping by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.'

He was instantly on the ground, where his platoon men were directly paraded, and received the new comers at the point of the bayonet.

Du Quesne, (for he and Weshop were the intruders,) requested that they might be shown to the quarters of the chief in command.

They found him alone in a small log hut, without a fire, and with no appearance of comfort or convenience about it. A light was burning upon a large log of wood, sawed at one end, so as to resemble a horse block more than a table, though it was meant for the latter. The person who was seated at it, requires a more particular description.

Miles Standish had the only pride of birth which is pardonable in this country. He was directly descended from one of those men who ate their meal of clams near Plymouth Rock, and listened to the grace which Parson Robinson said over them. Even the puritans, who fled from the stake, called him obstinate, and considered him in matters of faith, as rather intolerant. He hated all separates, as he called them; but his greatest dislike was towards the Church of Rome, and for reasons which he pretended to be able to explain, he was not very cordial to the Church of England. The men who stoned the first Martyrs, he would say, were no worse than they who stood and held their garments. Nay, in the zeal of some of his controversial conversations, he ventured to call them worse—they were more cowardly and less sincere.

Godfrey of Bologne, never put on his harness against the enemies of the Cross in the Holy Land, with more zeal than Miles Standish buckled on his sword against the French and Indians in this Land of Promise. He referred to the scriptural account of the march of the Israelites from the land of Egypt, and the house of bondage, and applied it literally, as

did many others, to the emigration of the Puritans; and he derived his authority for much of his own conduct, from the fighting part of the character of Joshua. The Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, the Wampagoes, and the Potowatamies, were with him; but the other names for the Hittites, Perezites, Jebuzites, and Gergushites, all of whom were to be exterminated. Indeed, if Father Raal, in his way from Penobscot to his Catholic friends, had fallen into the hands of Miles Standish, he would have considered the fate of Agag as his sufficient warrant. He possessed vigorous strength, was patient of fatigue, and fixed in his purpose. A man as Southey says,

' Firm to resolve, and stubborn to endure.'

He sat reading Pilgrim's Progress which he allegorized beyond the spirit of Bunyan himself.

(Concluded in our next.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MANNERS.

I make a point of morality never to find fault with another's manners. They may be awkward, or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeeing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—'How are you my old friend?'

During the Revolutionary war, when the frigate Providence, Com. Whipple was proceeding with dispatches to Dr. Franklin, in France, from this port, she encountered off Warwick neck, the Lark Frigate of superior force, and after expending all the shot on deck, an Irishman who had left the English service, had charge of one of the guns on the windward side; hearing some of the sailors cry out, that the shot had all gone, and feeling the rope round his neck, exclaimed in the height of his despair,—"Honey, hold your peace, or they will be for hearing you—I have got my crow bar into my gun!" The hint was immediately taken, and every gun was loaded with crow bars, and poured such a tremendous broad side into the Lark, that she was with difficulty kept from sinking—Pat in ecstacy cried out—"how relish you these Irish compliments—long life to the Frigate Providence and our gallant commander."

## JOURNEYMAN PRINTERS.

From high to low they are the same careless, well-informed, good hearted men, knowing how to act better than they do; nothing at times, yet every thing if occasion requires it; we have seen one and the same individual of the craft, a methodist minister at Carolina, a boatman on the western canal, a sheriff in Ohio, a sailing master on board a privateer, a fiddler in New Orleans, a dandy in Broadway, New York, a pressman in a garret printing office! \* \* \* \* \* Having nothing to lose, no calamity can overwhelm them, and caring to gain nothing no tide of fortune carries them upwards from the level where they choose to stand; the least to be envied yet the happiest dogs in Christendom. Philosophers by practice, and spendthrifts by inclination, they complain not when the stomach cries for bread and they have no bread to give; and in the next hour, if fortune favors them with the means, expend more for unnecessary delicacies than would serve to keep them on wholesome food for a whole week.

*Sheridan and the Boots.*—Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots: this attracted the notice of some of his friends, ‘Now guess,’ said he, ‘how I came by these boots?’ Many probable guesses then took place. ‘No,’ said Sheridan, ‘no, you’ve not hit it, nor ever will.—I bought them and paid for them.’

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. ‘To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, but for seven reasons. Being asked what they were, he answered, ‘A wife and six children.’

Dr. Parr once said to the late Lord Tinemouth, come my Lord button my gaiters for me. ‘With the greatest pleasure,’ said his lordship, and stooping down to do so, upon which the Doctor waved his hand over him with mock solemnity, and said ‘there, nobility is where it ought to be, at the foot of learning.’

*Policy and wealth.*—Baker in his Chronicle, speaks of Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, who was extremely rich, crying out, upon his death bed, in such speeches as these. ‘Fie, will not death be hired? Will money do nothing? Must I die, that have such great riches? If the whole realm of England would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it?’

‘How old are you, Pat?’ said a clerk of indictment at a late assizes in Ireland; ‘Faith, sir,’ replied Pat, ‘I believe I am pretty near as owld as ever I’ll be;’ and in good truth he was—for he stretched the hemp the day after.

## BUREAU REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831.

*Mr. Monroe.*—The venerable Ex-President, JAMES MONROE, a man loved for his virtues, respected for his abilities, and honoured for his services, breathed his last, in the city of New-York, at the house of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, at the advanced age of 72, on the fifty fifth anniversary of that independence which his services contributed so largely to gain. The occurrence of this event on the national anniversary, considering the fact of his illustrious confederates, Jefferson and Adams, closing their earthly labors on the same day of the year, is certainly a singular coincidence and contributes to stamp the Fourth of July as one of the most memorable days in the annals of the world.

*The Three Histories.*—This work has been recently published in Boston, and is said to be excellent of its kind, being similar in character to the best productions of Miss Edgeworth. The author, Miss Jewsbury has heretofore been known to the American public only through a few small pieces taken from the English Magazines into our papers. In point of talents she may well be ranked with Miss Edgeworth, Miss Moore, the Misses Porter, Miss Mitford, Miss Landon and others, that shine as stars of the first magnitude in the English literary world.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,  
*Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending July 12th.*

Otis Bigelow, P. M. Baldwinsville N. Y. \$1; J. B. Lent, West Rush, N. Y. \$2; S. Cannell, Chatham, N. Y. \$1; J. F. West, Little Falls, N. Y. \$1; J. Hoffman, Claverack, \$1; M. Munson, Greenfield, Ms. \$5; W. Corey, Gardner, Ms. \$5; J. H. Tuttle, East Goshen, Ct. \$1; C. A. Stewart, Fishkill, N. Y. \$1; J. Hitchcock, New York, \$1; E. Bennett, Westboro’ N. Y. \$1; G. N. Linsabaugh, Ellenville, N. Y. \$1; C. H. Ingraham, Lansingburgh, N. Y. \$5; S. Farrar, Jun. South Brookfield, N. Y. \$1; C. H. Wing, Greenfield Centre, N. Y. \$1; B. A. Hall, New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1; E. R. Rockwood, Troy, N. Y. \$1; B. Hine, Cairo, N. Y. \$1; S. Bushnell, Clarkson, N. Y. \$2; S. G. Lounsbury, Clay, N. Y. \$1; W. Gould, Cambria, N. Y. \$1; J. Davis, P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$1; R. Gerralds, Marengo, N. Y. \$1; D. S. R. Nye, Swanton, Vt. \$1; J. Conklin, Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1; T. W. Scoul, North Lansing, N. Y. \$1; E. M. Stickney, South Pemroke, N. Y. \$1; R. Tift, P. M. West Stephentown, N. Y. \$1; J. Bard, Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$5; S. Stilwell, P. M. Sparta, N. Y. \$1; E. E. Denning, East Shetland, Mass. \$1; W. Depew, Kingston, N. Y. \$1; N. Birdsell, & S. W. Swezy, Port Jervis, N. Y. \$2; H. T. Sumner, P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Pettit, Saratoga Springs N. Y. \$1; M. McDowell, P. M. Wayno Hotel, N. Y. \$1; J. Holdridge, Catskill, N. Y. \$1; E. R. Cook, Sodus Point, N. Y. \$1; J. Reeve, Berlin, N. Y. \$1; A. Farr, Maupheim, N. Y. \$1.

## SUMMARY.

A labor saving machine, to be applied to a Churn, has been invented by Samuel J. O’Brien of Albany, N. Y. It has a self moving power, produced by a weight—is wound up like a clock, and will go for two hours.

The National debt of the United States is now reduced to about thirty seven millions, and in three years more, with proper economy, the whole debt will be liquidated.

It is supposed that 20,000 persons are employed in mining in the United States, and the produce of the mines is equal to five millions annually.

The Temperance societies seem to be growing and spreading vigorously. Our exchange papers abound in notices of meetings and addresses.

*American Silk Hats.*—Mr. T. Simms, of New-York, has manufactured a hat, entirely from silk prepared from the American silk worm.

## MARRIED,

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Henry Porter, to Miss Jane Stupplebeam.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Stephen Cranch, to Miss Elizabeth Carter.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Stephen Barber of Auburn, N. Y. to Miss Rhoda Ann Burns of Columbiaville.

At Claverack, on Sunday the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Jacob Bandell, to Miss Angelina Ransom.

At Troy, on Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, William Darling, Esq. to Miss Ann, daughter of Thomas Russell, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. by John Poucher, Esq. Mr. Daniel Poucher, to Miss Hannah Anderson.

## DIED.

At Albany, on Wednesday morning, Philip S. Parker, Esq. in the 60th year of his age.



## POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
**EVENING.**

When evening gilds the western sky,  
With its long blaze of fading light,  
And every bird that sings on high,  
Is softly heralding the night;  
There is no sweeter joy we feel,  
Than those fond dreams of youth and home,  
Which o'er the fancy gently steal,  
And whisper imaged joys to come.  
I know not aught that rapture brings  
Which has more feeling in its glow,  
Than that receding ray, which flings  
Enchantments to this orb below;  
When, with the balm that fills the eve,  
Grey melancholy warps the brain,  
And fancy's softest colouring leave  
The one conviction of—how vain!     **ALPHA.**

For the Rural Repository.  
**SOLEMN THOUGHTS.**

'A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record.'

Tho' joy may light her angel smile, and pleasure lead us now,  
Tho' care may ne'er have placed his print upon the youthful brow,  
Tho' grief may ne'er have seized the heart or filled the soul with gloom,  
Yet all that's bright and lovely now is ripening for the tomb.  
The simple annals of our life, a passing word may tell,  
A tear may fall upon our grave—a gen'rous bosom swell,  
Our name may live in kind regard for one brief, fleeting day,  
When we beneath the valley's clod are moulderling away.  
But soon the tear that falls for us will fall for us no more,  
The tender heart in sorrow now that swells with anguish sore,  
Its sympathies will all be hushed, and checked its flow of love,  
When death shall set his signet there and bid it cease to move.  
The fading tablet friendship rears, itself will soon decay,  
And with it our forgotten name will flee for aye away;  
And there our withered memories will wake no more a sigh,  
And none can tell that e'er we were, or where our ashes lie.     **OSMAR.**

## CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BY MOORE.

They told her, that he to whose sweet voice she listen'd,  
Through night's fleeting hours was a spirit unblest;  
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd  
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.  
When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,  
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies;  
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,  
Thou'll see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!  
Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,  
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;

And saw such a vision! no image appearing  
To bards in their day-dreams was ever so bright.

A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,  
Whose innocent bloom had not yet fled away;  
While gleams from beneath his shut eye-lids gave warning,  
Of summer noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,  
While, glossy as gold from a fairy land mine,  
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it  
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride on that miracle gazing—  
What late was but love, is idolatry now;  
But, ah—in her tremour that fatal lamp raising  
A sparkle flew from it, and dropped on his brow.

All's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,  
The spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;  
Then slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,  
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:  
'Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!  
Thus ever affection's fond vision is crost:  
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,  
And love, once distrusted, forever is lost!'

## THE DELUGE.

All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of Heaven were opened.—*Genesis.*

A doom to the fallen! The earth where they trod  
Shall be laden no more with the scoffers of God;  
He speaks! and his banner of wrath is unfurled,  
And the avalanche-deluge comes down on the world.

A doom to the fallen! It rides on the wind—  
They look back in terror—the wave is behind;  
While onward, and onward, in anguish they flee,  
Still darkly sweeps onward the flash of the sea.  
They trust not the valleys—hope perishes there—  
But they rush to the hills with the strength of despair;  
The palm trees are bended with myriads of forms,  
And forests are bowed by the spirit of storms.

There's a hush of the weak, and a cry from the stronger,  
And the rock and the tree are a refuge no longer;  
The waters have closed in a midnight of gloom,  
And sullenly roll'd o'er a world peopled tomb.

'Tis morn on the wave—like a bird on its breast,  
Floats the ark of the godly—a haven of rest—  
A sign and a pledge to the wanderers are given,  
And the promise-bow arches the blue vault of Heaven.

## ENIGMAS.

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

**PUZZLE I.**—Factory.

**PUZZLE II.**—Because he has lost his smack.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Take three fourths of a cross and a circle complete—  
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet;  
And then a triangle you needs must erect,  
And all must be placed in a line that's correct;  
Then put two semicircles and a circle complete,  
And tell me a bitter that some men call sweet?

II.

Why is a nod of the head like a Balloon going up?

## WANTED.

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

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All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.